Or so; so let it passe.
Tha. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.
Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacie;
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men;
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other, in this royall presence.
King. Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa.*
Tha. What is't to me, my father?
king. O attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
Tha. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my profer take for an offence,
Since men take womens giftes for impudence.
king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le mooue me else.
Tha. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

king.

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of h
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
Tha. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.
Peri. I thanke him.
Tha. Wishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely
Tha. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage?
Peri. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes:
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
and after shipwracke, driuen vpon this shore.
Tha. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*: who onely by misfortune of the sea
Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.
king. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which lookes for other reuels;
Euen in your Armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuse with saying this,
Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in armes, as well as beds.
They daunce.
So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd.
Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Measures are as excellent.
Peri. In those that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.
They daunce.
Thankes Gentlemen to all, all haue done well;
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct

The